

Mess. My selfe haue Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.
Bru. With what Addition.

Mess. That by proscription, and billes of Outlarie,
Octanius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
Mine speake of seuentie Senators, that dy'de
By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cassi. *Cicero* one?
Mess. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscription
Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?

Bru. No *Messala*.
Mess. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing *Messala*.

Mess. That me thinkes is strange.

Bru. Why aske you?

Heare you ought of her, in yours?

Mess. No my Lord.

Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

Mess. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell,

For certaine she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why farewell *Portia*. We must die *Messala*:

With meditating that she must dye once,

I haue the patience to endure it now.

Mess. Euen so great men, great losses shold indure.

Cassi. I haue as much of this in Art as you,

But yet my Nature could not beare it so.

Bru. Well, to our worke aline. What do you thinke

Of marching to *Philippi* presently.

Cassi. I do not thinke it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cassi. This it is:

'Tis better that the Enemie seeke vs,

So shall he waste his meanes, weary his Souldiers,

Doing himselfe offence, whilst we lying still,

Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.

Bru. Good reasons must of force giue place to better:

The people twixt *Philippi*, and this ground

Do stand but in a forc'd affection:

For they haue grudg'd vs Contribution:

The Enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number vp,

Come on refreshed, new added, and encourag'd:

From which aduantage shall we cut him off.

If at *Philippi* we do face him there,

These people at our backe.

Cassi. Heare me good Brother.

Bru. Vnder your pardon. You must note beside,

That we haue tride the vtmost of our Friends:

Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,

The Enemy encreaseth every day,

We at the height, are ready to declining.

There is a Tide in the affayres of men,

Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune:

Omitted, all the voyage of their life,

Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.

On such a full Sea are we now a-flout,

And we must take the current when it serues,

Or loose our Ventures.

Cassi. Then with your will go on: wee'l along

Our felues, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,

And Nature must obey Necessitie,

Which we will niggard with a little rest:

There is no more to say.

Cassi. No more, good night.

Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius* my Gowne: farewell good *Messala*,

Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,

Good night, and good repose.

Cassi. O my deere Brother:

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Neuer come such diuision 'twene our foules:

Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru. Euerie thing is well.

Cassi. Good night my Lord.

Bru. Good night good Brother.

Tit. Messa. Good night Lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farewell euerie one.

Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Heere in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speakest drowily?

Poorer knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd,

Call *Claudius*, and some other of my men,

He haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent,

Luc. *Varrus*, and *Claudius*.

Enter Varrus and Claudius.

Var. Cals my Lord?

Bru. I pray you sirs, lye in my Tent and sleepe,

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my Brother *Cassius*.

Var. So please you, we will stand,

And watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not haue it so: Lye downe good sirs,

It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.

Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I sought for so:

I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.

Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull,

Canst thou hold vp thy heaue eyes a-while,

And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.

Luc. I may Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does my Boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Bru. I should not vrge thy duty past thy might,

I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest.

Luc. I haue slept my Lord already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe:

I will not hold thee long. If I do lye,

I will be good to thee.

Musicke, and a Song.

This is a sleepey Tune: O Murtherous slumber!

Layest thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,

That playes thee Musicke? Gentle knaue good night:

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:

If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,

He take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.

Let me see, let me see; is not the Lease turn'd downe

Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?

I thinke it is the weakenesse of mine eyes

That shapeth this monstrous Apparition.

It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?

Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare?

Speake to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy euill Spirit *Brutus*?

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost.

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Bru. Well: then I shall see thee againe?

Ghost. I, at *Philippi*.

Bru. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:

Now I haue taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.

Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudius*, Sirs: Awake:

Claudius.

Luc. The strings my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My Lord.

Bru. Did'st thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst

out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing my Lord.

Bru. Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudius*, Fellow,

Thou: Awake.

Var. My Lord.

Clau. My Lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out sirs, in your sleepe?

Boib. Did we my Lord?

Bru. I: saw you any thing?

Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*:

Bid him set on his Powres betimes before,

And we will follow.

Boib. It shall be done my Lord.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octanius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,

You said the Enemy would not come downe,

But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:

It proues not so: their battailes are at hand,

They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere:

Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know

Wherefore they do it: They could be content

To visit other places, and come downe

With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face

To fasten in our thoughts that they haue Courage;

But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals,

The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:

Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out,

And something to be done immediately.

Ant. *Octanius*, leade your Battaile softly on

Vpon the left hand of the cuen Field.

Octa. Vpon the right hand I keepe thou the left.

Ant. Why do you crosse me in this exigent.

Octa. I do not crosse you: but I will do so. *March.*

Drum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.*

Bru. They stand, and would haue parley.

Cassi. Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talke.

Octa. Mark *Antony*, shall we giue signe of Battaille?

Ant. No *Caesar*, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would haue some words.

Oct. Scirre not vntill the Signall.

Bru. Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?

Octa. Not that we loue words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better then bad strokes *Octanius*.

Ant. In your bad strokes *Brutus*, you giue good words

Witnesse the hole you made in *Caesar*'s heart,

Crying long liue, Haile *Caesar*.

Cassi. *Antony*,

The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne;

But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,

And leaue them Hony-lesse.

Ant. Not stinglesse too.

Bru. O yes, and soundlesse too:

For you haue stolne their buzzing *Antony*,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hackt one another in the sides of *Caesar*:

You shew'd your teethes like Apes,

And fawn'd like Hounds,

And bow'd like Bondmen, kissing *Caesar*'s feete;

Whilst damned *Caesar*, like a Curie, behinde

Strooke *Caesar* on the necke. O you Flatterers.

Cassi. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,

This tongue had not offended so to day,

If *Cassius* might haue rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause, if arguing make vs sweet,

The prooffe of it will turne to redder drops:

Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,

When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?

Neuer till *Caesar*'s three and thirtie wounds

Be well aueng'd; or till another *Caesar*

Haue added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Bru. *Caesar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,

Vnlesse thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope:

I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.

Bru. O if thou wert the Noblest of thy Straine,

Yong-man, thou could'st not dye more honourable.

Cassi. A peeuish School-boy, worthles of such Honor

Ioynd with a Masker, and a Reueller.

Ant. Old *Cassius* still.

Octa. Come *Antony*: away:

Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;

If not, when you haue stomackes.

Exit Octanius, Antony, and Army

Cassi. Why now blow winde, swell Billow,

And swimme Barke:

The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho *Lucilius*, hearken, a word with you.

Lucilius and Messala stand forth.

Luc. My Lord.

Cassi. *Messala*.

Messa. What sayes my Generall?

Cassi. *Messala*, this is my Birth-day: as this very day

Was *Cassius* borne. Giue me